THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 276.)

LETTER LIII.

I PROMISED you in one of my letters, to say something more of the agriculture of Piedmont; and I do so with the more pleasure, as the observations of others, such as I was able, in some measure, to verify them, have rendered the task a very easy one, and as it resembles so nearly that of S. Carolina. Their labourers live almost exclusively as our negroes do, on Indian corn or Meliga, and a great deal of labour and attention is bestowed on this useful plant. The land intended for it is always well manured, and the corn receives at least three hand-hoeings, besides being earthed up; it is even watered in dry seasons where water can be commanded, by flowing the interval between the beds on which the grain is planted. The leaves, or as we call them in America, the blades, are never stript, or the tops cut, but when the grain has been harvested, the whole plant is pulled up, and bundles are made of it, to be reserved for the use of the cattle, in the winter. An emine, or about 40lbs. of grain is sown to the journal, which is a sixteenth more than the English acre, and the usual produce is about 30 emines, or 1200lbs. though it sometimes amounts to 54 emines. A crop of rye, sown at broad cast, frequently succeeds the Meliga, and a change of crop, for the succeeding season, is sometimes made by vetches, or by beans of the sort we plant among our corn in America; of these it is not unusual to make thirty emines to the journal. Clover is also cultivated, but in no great quantity; for the command of water enables the farmer

to have as much meadow as he pleases, and with very little trouble; when sown, it is made to succeed wheat, and there is a regular and well understood rotation of crops; two and a half bushels of wheat are sown to an English acre. Wheat and rye are both harvested at the rate of ten per cent. to the undertaker. Hemp, though it grows very well in rich land, is never planted as an article of sale, but in the way cotton is in the upper part of Virginia, in the neighbourhood of some house, and for domestick purposes. Great quantities of rape-seed are made, and with hardly any attention but what is sufficient to protect it from the cattle: the produce of an acre, in rape-seed is generally worth between six and seven pounds sterling. It would be more generally attended to, were it not for the quantity of walnuts, which furnish an oil, that is sold for between six and eight French sous a pint, and this, when made, without having been heated, is not unwholesome, and is always far more agreeable to the taste than rape oil, which last is frequently, however, used in cookery, and almost always for the lamp. The mare or residue, which remains, after the rape oil has been expressed, forms a cake, which serves to fatten cattle: but the article of all others, which is cultivated with the most attention in Piedmont, and which, as you may easily imagine, I was most desirous to learn the management of, is rice. The farmer, who has a proper command of running water, which he can almost anywhere purchase, and who destines a tract of land for rice, begins by dividing it into as many portions as are necessary, in order to preserve an exact level in each; and this he does with the assistance of persons who make a profession of levelling. These portions are separated by banks about eighteen inches high, and each division is well broken up and harrowed. The water is afterwards let in, and kept on until the surface, to the depth of several inches, is converted into a state of mud; it is then drawn off, the rice is immediately sown at broad cast, and the water is brought on again: the only attention afterwards requisite, is to see that every division be kept flowed to the depth of eight or nine inches, and that the water be very slowly, but constantly, in motion; from the upper division, into which it is received at first, to the lower, from which it is discharged; the communication being kept up by breaches of a proper size prepared in each bank for that purpose, in the nature of a waste-way to a mill-dam. Should a growth of weeds appear likely to injure the crop, there are labourers to be hired, who go into the water, and pull them up by the roots, and this is all the culture which the rice requires or receives. The water is withdrawn six or eight days before harvest, the rice is cut with a sickle, it is threshed, either with a flail or by horses, and, having been winnowed, it is pounded, but without having been previously passed through a pair of mill-stones, as with us. The pounding machine is of a very rude construction, such as was in use about thirty years ago, in Carolina, and such as bespeaks the very infancy of art. The mortars are small, the pestles light, and they are placed much further from the shaft than there is occasion for.

The rice, when pounded, is sifted by hand, for no Dillet has appeared among them, as yet, to

introduce the inestimable advantage of the rolling skreen, or the other improvements which we owe to his ingenuity, and to the ingenuity of his friend Oliver Evans.*

The most, I was told, ever performed by their most powerful machine, was ten barrels of six hundred weight, in twenty-four hours.

It is usual to sow about 230lb. of seed rice to the journal, and 1450lb. of merchantable rice, worth about £10 : 10*s* sterling, upon an average, is not an uncommon crop, to which must be added, the value of the small rice, of the flour, and of the straw, which are said, in years of scarcity, nearly to defray the expenses. These, one might suppose, from the mode pursued, would not be very considerable: but the wages of the persons employed in harvesting, are three and four times, not unfrequently, greater than a labourer would receive on any other occasion: he here ventures his health, if not his life, and must be paid accordingly: and then the profits of gleaning, to which the poor of Piedmont consider themselves as entitled, by the authority of Scripture, are so considerable, that a poor man has been known to refuse anything less than three French livres a day, if he gave up the chance of gleaning.

The rizier too, or overseer, whose employment it is to see that the different divisions are supplied with the proper quantity of water, and with a regular change of it, is well paid for his time and trouble; he receives five per cent. of the gross produce. This mode of payment is very common, and it is not unusual for the proprietor to agree with some one, who, for a stipulated price, undertakes the whole business of harvesting, threshing, and pounding. On these occasions, he furnishes his carts, to assist in transporting the rice to the threshing-floor, and provides a pounding machine, and commonly pays one sixth or about sixteen per cent. of the produce to the contractor, who having provided a numerous and active gang, works day and night until the business is finished. The straw, after it has been threshed, is carefully put up in stacks and used as fodder; but the poor of the neighbourhood generally solicit permission to thresh it over again more than once. For the first time, they get a third of the grain that is produ-

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* It will be a painful recollection, hereafter, when the hospitable and liberal-minded gentlemen of Carolina come to reflect on the manner in which the exertions of these ingenious mechanicks have been requited. Dillet was denied the payment of his patent-right, because a rolling-skreen had been heard of in Georgia and something like it seen in North-Carolina, and because an individual gentleman had given orders for such a thing, without, however, having been able to prevail upon his millwright, who was at the head of the business, to make trial of it; and Evans lost the benefit of *his* invention. The elevators, after all, were nothing more, it was urged, than the Persian wheel of former times, applied to the purposes of transporting grain, and yet a person unacquainted with the process of manufacturing rice, would accuse me of exaggeration, if I were to enumerate the advantages, which have been derived from these two inventions. The value of our exports has been increased considerably; a great deal of labour has been saved; a great deal of theft has been prevented, and our negroes have been rescued from the most odious and degrading inquisition.

It was not thus that Arkwright was rewarded for the invention of an engine to spin cotton; from being an itinerant barber he rose to great opulence, and was knighted, and it is deserving of notice, that when a person, of the name of Hayes, endeavoured, as in the case of Dillet, to set aside Arkwright's patent, by proving that he had previously invented an engine of the same kind, the objection was overruled, on his not being able to prove, that he had brought it to perfection, and made trial of it.

ced; for the second time a half, and for the third two thirds. To those who have lived on a rice-plantation in Carolina, and who remember the appearance in the spring, of any place, over which rice-straw has been scattered, during the winter, it will not appear surprizing, that the poor of Piedmont should be able to bestow their labour advantageously, and so repeatedly, on the same sheaves.

The law of Piedmont prevents any one from cultivating rice, within three miles of a town, a caution, which, in their mode of culture, one would think superfluous. The difference of effect upon the atmosphere between the effluvia, arising from land fit for rice, and from water, which is slowly, but continually, in motion, cannot be very important. The great advantage of the Piedmontese over the Carolina planter, is, that he can always procure labourers, and for a limited time, and that he is certain of precisely the quantity of water he requires, without ever being alarmed by accidents arising from too much; it is an article he purchases the use of, giving such a price for an opening of such dimensions, through which it is made to flow, in the direction he chooses, and he either bargains with his neighbour for transmitting it to him, or turns it into a common ditch, provided for that purpose.

They make but very little wine in Piedmont, and that of an inferiour quality; but the smaller proprietors of land and the poor derive considerable advantage from raising silkworms. Gibbon's history has informed you how this wonderful little animal was first introduced in Europe, and you know from your own experience, that it is raised upon the leaves of the mulberry, a tree which abounds in Piedmont.

The raiser of the silkworm is generally a poor man, who either purchases mulberry leaves, at so much a pound, or hires a number of trees for the season, at the rate of from thirty to forty French sous a tree; or more frequently, goes halves with the proprietor of them. The average price of raw silk is about a guinea the rup, which is eighteen and a half pounds; there are houses where 20 rups are made annually.

The level surface of the country, the soil of which is principally clay, under a thin surface of mould, the care with which it is drained, the growth of the rice, and the great attention which is paid to keep the fields, which are in dry culture, as clean as possible, reminded me of the lower parts of Carolina. The cattle too were not unlike that numerous race of half-starved cows and oxen, which disgrace our plantations, for the Piedmontese prefer, as some of us do, the having a number, who are ill-fed, to a few, who, with a little better management, would do ten times as much work, and give twice as much milk; the general opinion of the country is against the use of butter and milk in the summer, and they universally abstain from both.

The above short account of Piedmontese husbandry is derived partly from a literary periodical work, published in Geneva, and partly from the travels of Roland de la Platine, who, perhaps, is more known as the husband of the celebrated Madame Roland, than as an authour or minister. I should feel much more pity for this interesting and unfortunate couple had they manifested any pity for the Royal Family. They have ex-

piated their errours, however, she at the scaffold, and he by having encountered death in a still more frightful form. He had found refuge at Rouen, in the house of a friend, and remained there till the death of Madame Roland was announced in the papers. Being determined not to survive her, and as determined not to betray the friend, who had received him, he quitted Rouen in the evening, walked, during the greater part of the night, towards Paris, and then seating himself upon a stone by the road side he resolutely executed his purpose, with an instrument, which he had provided against every emergency.

You have read Madame Roland's appeal to posterity, and must have admired the calm, and almost cheerful view, she was able to cast over her past life, when immured in prison, and with the certainty of death before her eyes. She foretold that her husband would not survive her: and surely if suicide be ever to be excused, it was in his situation.

Their daughter Eudoza is now living, I am told, in Paris, and having reentered, by marriage, into the class of life, from which her parents had been unfortunately elevated, the probability is, that her destiny will be a much happier one than theirs. Speaking of Roland very naturally puts one in mind of his friend Brissot, who, though as wrong-headed, and as mistaken as any one, in those horrid times of universal madness, had good intentions, I believe; better, at least, than those of the party, to whose rage he fell a victim, and yet evidently, such as give some idea of what was meant by a priest, who told his penitent, that hell would be found paved with good intentions.

He left two sons, it seems, one of whom lost his life in bringing back to slavery, those negroes in St. Domingo, to whose liberty Brissot had so injudiciously, I might also say wickedly, contributed, and the other is now in Paris in circumstances of some distress. He had been placed by the government, at one of the Lyceès, or publick schools, and when called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperour, in common with the other students, and the masters, he resolutely refused; he could not, he said, bring himself to act in such violation of the principles, for which his father had died; he then walked down the steps of the hall, and returned home.

There are but few instances of such energy in France, either because individuals see the necessity of the change, which has lately taken place, or because they never felt what they affected.

One of the most active instruments of Jacobinism, in punishing the pretended royalism of the Lyonnese, after the siege, is now superintendent of the Imperial Police, nor is it possible to conceive a more useful coadjutor, a more pliant counsellor, a more flattering harranguer, upon all occasions, than he, that very man, Cambaceres, who moved the order of the day, when Louis the XVI, solicited a little longer time to prepare himself for death.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

In this place, it may be proper, for it is certainly useful, to remark, that Dr. Goldsmith's principle fully corresponded with his practice, as it respects the employment of a simple, easy, and unaffected style. Indeed,

from the first to the last of his performances, he never deviated from a sweet, a modest, and a graceful mode of composition, of which neither a Terence, nor a Julius Cæsar might be ashamed. In the *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe* we find the authour's opinion, on this subject fully expressed. "It were to be wished, that we no longer found pleasure with *the inflated style*, that has, for some years, been looked upon as *fine writing*, and which every young writer is now obliged to adopt, if he chooses to be read. We should now dispense with loaded epithet, and dressing up trifles with dignity. For, to use an obvious instance, it is not those who make the greatest noise with their wares, in the streets, that have most to sell. Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas, nor be forever gaping, when we mean only to deliver a whisper." Perhaps there never was a canon of criticism laid down with more justice and good sense, than this. It is what the severe judgment of Aristotle, Dean Swift, and Addison would fully approve. He who would, habitually, write agreeably to Goldsmith's direction, and in resemblance of his manner, would be perused with pleasure, as long as a vestige of pure English remains. Our authour, when he contemptuously talks of the *inflated style*, and *fine writing*, in all probability alluded to Lord Shaftesbury, who, of all the literary coxcombs, with whom the world has been pestered, was one of the most affected, pert, and pragmatical. The frothy manner of this republican rhapsodist, is absolutely so much in the taste of one of our July orators, that it might be easily supposed, they were actuated by one common soul. His lordship's strut is more formal than that of a German grenadier, and he pompously moves in the regions of fustian, bombast, nonsense, and false metaphor, as though he were in a congenial element, and conversing with none but his brethren. His abominable mode of composition was, for a long time, from the united influence of fashion and folly, considered as a graceful model, and every hot-headed boy, who wished to rant against legitimate government and pure Christianity, was of opinion that he had gloriously accomplished his object, provided his style resembled the tumidity of "The Characteristicks," and that he strutted about in the buskins of Shaftesbury. After him, as another corrupter of taste, came another pretty spoken man, one Mr. James Hervey, a juvenile clergyman, who talked with such habitual silliness, about the fragrance of flowers, and the brightness of stars, that ever since, even the rose and the lily, and Hesper and Vesper, have always appeared like very vulgar acquaintance. We approach a very elegant scholar, and a celebrated historian, with an awe proportioned to the height of his just pretensions:—the name of Gibbon is high on the rolls of fame, and he has even been pronounced the Tacitus of England. The style of this gentleman it has long been fashionable to imitate, by all who aspired to the sublimities of diction, and the perfection of periods. But although he is a seductive, he is a dangerous preceptor, and though he may be sometimes judiciously consulted, it is absurd to be habitually influenced by his authority. His style is *always uniform*, and *sometimes inflated*, and it must be confessed, that he abounds in passages, which the chastity of Goldsmith's taste would not hesitate to denominate *fine writing*.

It results from these crude remarks, that Goldsmith's rule is right, and his practice laudable: let us believe the one, and copy the other. Hence, propriety of thought, and volubility of diction would distinguish our pages; and America, with all her disadvantages, might produce many a work, which, in Mellon's memorable phrase, the world would "not willingly let die." We praise Goldsmith's style with enthusiasm, because whoever would successfully ri-

val his grace and simplicity, would not only challenge domestick celebrity, but deserve and receive the approbation of the most fastidious foreigner.

MEMOIRS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

(*Concluded from page* 281.)

This attack upon a man in his own house, furnished matter of discussion, for some days to the newspapers; and an action at law was threatened to be brought for the assault; but by the interposition of friends, the affair was compromised; and on Wednesday, the 31st of March, Goldsmith inserted the following Address in the Daily Advertiser:

"TO THE PUBLICK.

"Lest it should be supposed, that I have been willing to correct in others, an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life, I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger, and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the Press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the Press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the publick, most properly admits of a publick discussion. But of late, the Press has turned from defending publick interest, to making inroads upon private life, from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner, the freedom of the Press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes, in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter, after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the publick, by being more open are the more distressing. By treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification, by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the Press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Mr. Boswell having intimated to Dr. Johnson his suspicions that *he* was the real writer of this Address, the latter said, "Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to have written such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do anything else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has indeed done it very well, but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought everything that con-

cerns him, must be of importance to the publick."

About a month after this, to oblige Mr. Quick, the comedian, who had very successfully exerted himself in the character of Tony Lumpkin, Goldsmith, we believe reduced Sedley's "*Grumbler*," to a farce, and it was performed for Mr. Quick's benefit, on the 8th of May, but was never printed: indeed, some persons doubt whether Goldsmith did more than revise an alteration which had been made by some other person.

Our authour now, oddly enough, took it into his head to reject the title of *Doctor*, with which he had been self-invested, and to assume the plain address of *Mr.* Goldsmith; but whatever his motive to this might be, he could not effect it with the publick, who to the day of his death called him Doctor; and the same title is usually annexed to his name even now, though the degree of Bachelor of Physick was the highest ever actually conferred upon him.

After having compiled a History of Rome, and two Histories of England, he undertook, and completed in 1773, "*A History of the Earth and animated Nature*," in 8 vols. 8vo. which was printed in 1774, and he received for it 850*l.*

The emoluments which he had derived from his writings for some few years past, were, indeed, very considerable; but were rendered useless in effect by an incautious liberality, which prevented his distinguishing proper from improper objects of his bounty; and also by an unconquerable itch for gaming, a pursuit in which his impatience of temper, and his want of skill wholly disqualified him for succeeding.

His last production, "*Retaliation*," was written for his own amusement, and that of his friends who were the subjects of it. That he did not live to finish it is to be lamented: for it is supposed that he would have introduced more characters. What he has left, however, is nearly perfect in its kind; with wonderful art he has traced all the leading features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristick peculiarities of each: no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered. The occasion of the poem was a circumstance of festivity. A literary party with which he occasionally dined at the St. James's coffeehouse one day proposed to write epitaphs on him. In these, his person, dialect, &c. were good-humouredly ridiculed; and as Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings on the occasion, he was called upon for a Retaliation, which he produced at the next meeting of the party; but this, with his "*Haunch of Venison*," and some other short poems, were not printed till after his death.

He had at this time ready for the press "*The Grecian History, from the earliest State to the Death of Alexander the Great*," which was afterwards printed in 2 vols. 8vo. He had also formed a design of compiling a "*Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*," a *prospectus* of which he printed and sent to his friends, many of whom had promised to furnish him with articles on different subjects. The booksellers, however, though they had a high opinion of his abilities, were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the execution of which was to depend upon a man with whose indolence of temper, and method of procrastination, they had long been acquainted: the coldness with which they met his proposals was lamented by Goldsmith to the

hour of his death; which seems to have been accelerated by a neglect of his health, occasioned by continual vexation of mind on account of his frequently involved circumstances, although the last year's produce of his labour is generally believed to have amounted to 1800*l.*

In the spring of 1774 he was attacked in a very severe manner by the strangury, a disease of which he had often experienced slight symptoms. It now induced a nervous fever, which required medical assistance; and on the 25th of March he sent for his friend Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady, expressing at the same time a disgust with life, and a despondency which did not well become a man of his understanding. He told Mr. Hawes that he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetick, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired he would send him. Mr. Hawes represented to his patient the impropriety of taking the medicine at that time; but no argument could induce him to relinquish his intention. Finding this, and justly apprehensive of the fatal consequences of his putting this rash resolve in execution, he requested permission to send for Dr. Fordyce, of whose medical abilities he knew that Goldsmith had the highest opinion. Dr. Fordyce came, and corroborated the apothecary's assertion, adding every argument that he could think of, to dissuade him from using the powders in the present case; but, deaf to all the remonstrances of his physician and his friend, he obstinately persisted in his resolution.

The next day, Mr. Hawes again visited his patient, and, inquiring of him how he did, Goldsmith sighed deeply, and in a dejected tone, said, "I wish I had taken your friendly advice last night." Dr. Fordyce came, and finding the alarming symptoms increase, desired Mr. Hawes to propose sending for Dr. Turton: to this Goldsmith readily consented. The two physicians met, and held consultations twice a day, till Monday, April 4, when their patient died.

Warmth of affection induced Sir Joshua Reynolds and other friends of Goldsmith, to lay a plan for a sumptuous publick funeral; according to which he was to have been interred in Westminster Abbey, and his pall to have been supported by Lord Shelburne (now Marquis of Lansdown) Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, and Mr. Garrick: but on a slight inspection of his affairs, it was found that so far from having left property to justify so expensive a proceeding, he was about 2000*l.* in debt. The original intention, therefore, was abandoned, and he was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening, April 9, attended by the Rev. Joseph Palmer (nephew of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now Dean of Cashel in Ireland) Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes, Messrs. John and Robert Day, and Mr. Etherington.

A subscription, however, was speedily raised among Goldsmith's friends, but chiefly by the Literary Club, and a marble monumental stone, executed by Nollekens, consisting of a large medallion, exhibiting a good resemblance of our authour in profile, embellished with appropriate ornaments, was placed in Westminster Abbey, between those of Gay,

the poet, and the Duke of Argyle, in Poets' Corner, having underneath, on a tablet of white marble, the following inscription from the pen of his friend Dr. Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit;
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi
Sive lachrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia, Forneiæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.*
Eblanæ literis institutus,
Obiit Londini,
Apr. IV. MDCCLXXIV.

Of which the following is a translation:

By the love of his associates,
The fidelity of his friends,
And the veneration of his readers,
This monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen,
Nor touched any that he did not embellish;
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful, yet gentle master
Over the affections;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject;
In expression at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
And county of Longford,
29th Nov. 1731.*
Educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

Beside this Latin epitaph, Dr. Johnson honoured the memory of Goldsmith with the following short one in Greek:

Τον ταφον εἰσοραας τον Ολιβαριοιο κονιην
Αφροσι μη σεμνην, Ξεινε, σοδεσσι πατει·
Οισι μεμηλε φυσις, μετρων χαρις, εργα παλαιουν
Κλαιετε ποιητην, ιστοριχον, φυσικον.

Mr. Boswell, who was very intimately acquainted with Goldsmith, thus speaks of his person and character:

"The person of Goldsmith was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of displaying, with more advantage, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil; there was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was 'an inspired idiot;' and Garrick describes him as one,

'——————for shortness called Nol,
'Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.'

But in reality, these descriptions are greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes introduces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi:* and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous, wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were anyways distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his

* Johnson had been misinformed in these particulars: it has been since ascertained that he was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Nov. 29, 1728.

affections were social and generous, and when he had money, he bestowed it liberally. His desires of imaginary consequence frequently predominated over his attention to truth.

"His prose has been admitted as the model of perfection, and the standard of the English language. Dr. Johnson says, 'Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and generally without confusion; whose language was capacious, without exuberance, exact without restraint, and easy without weakness.'

"His merit as a poet, is universally acknowledged. His writings partake rather of the elegance and harmony of Pope, than the grandeur and sublimity of Milton; and it is to be lamented, that his poetical productions are not more numerous; for though his ideas flowed rapidly, he arranged them with great caution, and occupied much time in polishing his periods, and harmonizing his numbers.

"His most favourite poems are, 'The Traveller,' 'Deserted Village,' 'Hermit,' and 'Retaliation.' These productions may justly be ranked with the most admired works in English poetry.

"'The Traveller delights us with a display of charming imagery, refined ideas, and happy expressions. The characteristicks of the different nations are strongly marked; and the predilection of each inhabitant, in favour of his own, ingeniously described.

"'The Deserted Village is generally admired; the characters are drawn from the life. The descriptions are lively and picturesque; and the whole appears so easy and natural as to bear the resemblance of historical truth, more than poetical fiction. The description of the parish-priest, (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet, of any age. In this description, the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village schoolmaster, and a description of the village alehouse; both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those, who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad; and concludes with a beautiful apostrophe to poetry.

"'The Hermit' holds equal estimation with the rest of his poetical productions.

"His last poem, of 'Retaliation,' is replete with humour, free from spleen, and forcibly exhibits the prominent features of the several characters to which it alludes. Dr. Johnson sums up his literary character in the following concise manner: 'Take him [Goldsmith] as a Poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether we take him as a poet, as a comick writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class.'"

We have before observed, that his poem of "RETALIATION," was provoked by several jocular epitaphs written upon him, by the different members of a dinner club to which he belonged. Of these, we subjoin a part of that which was produced by Garrick:

"Here Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow:
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail;
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here."

To these we shall add another sketch of our authour (by way of Epitaph), written by a friend, as soon as he heard of his death:

"Here rests from the cares of the world and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who though form'd in an age when corruptions ran high,
And folly alone seemed with folly to vie;
When Genius, with traffick too commonly trained,
Recounted her merits by what she had gained,
Yet spurned at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dared to think for himself.
Thus freed from those fetters the Muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
"The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
For his Hermit had prov'd him their tutor and friend.
The statesman, his politick passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his Essays were curbs on the rage of the times.
Nay, the critick, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for *tense*,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart.
"Yet bless'd with original powers like these,
His principal forte was on paper to please;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chase;
On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace;
While Dulness and Cunning, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hacknies paraded before him.
Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.
So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an authour of popular quill,
This flux of philanthropy quickly stood still.
Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.
"Such then were his foibles; but though they were such
As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly hand.
"Then hear me, blest spirit! now seated above,
Where all is beatitude, concord, and love,
If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on mankind,
Thy Muse as a legacy leave us behind.
I ask it by proxy for letters and fame,
As the pride of our heart, and the old English name.
I demand it as such for virtue and truth,
As the solace of age, and the guide of our youth.
Consider what poets surround us—how dull!
From Minstrelsy B——e to Rosamond H—ll!
Consider what K—ys *enervate* the stage;
Consider what K—cks may *poison* the age;
O! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
That in Goldsmith the last British poet lies dead!"

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

In our last, we transcribed with delight, a humourous letter from The Monthly Anthology, which playfully exhibits, in a ludicrous light, some of those curious phrases by which the *Provincials* in this *new* country so egregiously corrupt the purity of English ex-

pression. By a rare accident, we have just obtained the copy of a letter, addressed by a *true* American, to a *Yankee* acquaintance. This may serve as a kind of foil, to set off the beauties of the *Columbian* epistle, borrowed from the Anthology. The reader will perceive occasionally, in our True American's correspondence, some peculiarities of pronunciation, as well as of style:

Dear Jonathan,

Ever since I was chosen one of our *Selectmen*, I have been so engaged in *running* Mr. —— on the *Republican ticket*, that I can *illy* spare time, to *drop you a line by the Post*. I believe you have not heard from me since our *glorious Anniversary*. I got up a *little afore day*, and as the morning was rather raw, I had a dram of *swingeing thick*. The river being perfectly *boatable*, Mr. Webster and I crossed without any difficulty. I told him of the *occlusion* of New-Orleans, and *bottomed* my assertion on the authority of *Farmer Lincoln*. We soon arrived at the *Indian Queen*. Mr. Webster went *up stars*, to write something for his new dictionary, and I staid below, in *the stoop*, and shook hands with *the orator of the day*.

Although I had an *invite* to the *Indian Queen*, I *rather expected* I could find a better *cold cut* at the *Spread Eagle*. There I met my neighbour Goshen, and Deacon Muggins, and at eleven o'clock we *agreed* to have a *snack* together. We called for a glass of *gin sling*, though I observed two of our *hired men* were drinking *black strap*. I heard a Lexington farmer ask for a *button of flip*, and an Eastern-shore man for an *anti-fogmatick*. Just before dinner, a *backwoodsman* went out a *gunning*, and brought in a fine *woodchuck*. We called for the reckoning, which was only *three-quarter-dollars* and a *fippenny-bit*, and *guessed* we should go home. But we were interrupted by a sad *scrummage* in the *piazza*. A Major in the Militia had *grabbed* his colonel, which the landlord perceiving, ran in, and broke a *shod-shovel all to flinders* over their heads. I inquired for the ostler, but was told he had been gone *a good bit ago*. The deacon's horse being rather *naggish*, I observed to him, that this hot weather *the flies was very thick*. We soon stopped at a *store*, and bought a *yard of pigtail*, and two quarts of *mountain malago*. The deacon and I had much discourse, and though his talk was *lengthy*, yet his argument was *evincial*. He frequently quoted Boston *newspaporials*, and *run on* like a *Salem witch*. He was always considered as a *very flippant-tonguey* man, and was once member of a *Committee of correspondence and safety*. He lives on the *side hill*, and understands *swapping horses*, and *dickering* for a bargain, better than any one *on Connecticut River*. He once reproved a *Federal officer* for using *hellniferous* as an oath, and, what was rather *disingenus*, the military man laughed and *gurned* at him for his pains. The deacon told me, he meant soon to *portion off* his *dafter Jemime*, and I *snore* says he, if it had not have been for the *dead-heartedness* of neighbour Chopstick, they two would have *come together*, *years agone*. The deacon added, that he was formerly very successful in *truck trade*, that he could make a bargain as *neat as plush*, and never sat down to dinner without potatoes, carrots, and *sich sauce*. He then offered to sell me a *likely pair* of oxen, and talked *of and about* his new barn and *back linter*. But, *la for me*, I

forgot to mention his *stilish* wife, or the *amiability* of his eldest daughter. I mean soon to *ask her for her company*, and if I can marry her, I shall be quite *happified*. I meant to *progress* a little further in my story, but for fear of growing tedious, I *timeously* conclude.

P. S. I went to *caucus* last night, and heard a *Boston man* speak five hours. He talked much of the *go-betweenity* of timeservers, and used many arguments *applicatory* to the subject.

The next time you go a *sparking* among the *gals*, I'll go *right away* after you. I do think for one of your *grade*, that you are rather too *twistical*. However, I shall give you *an invite* to our *raising*, where you shall hear *Yankee Doodle*, and *deuced fine* musick. After supper we will go *up steers* into my *charmber*, where you may take a *little nap of sleep*, after you have read the *Declaration*, and three *bran new July Orations*. The next time you go a *shopping*, I hope you wont lose any of your *suet skins*,* nor break any *chany*. Last Lord's Day, I saw *at meeting*, your sister. She had on a very *dressy* cap, and sat in one of the *body seats*. After *service*, she walked home quite *chirk* and *spry*, although she had so lately *been taken down* with *the lung fever* and a *sleepy lethargy*. I forgot to mention, that the deacon *gave out* the psalms to the tune of *Little Marlborough* and *Old Hundred*.

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Scott's Marmion.

Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, booksellers of this city, have published, in two volumes, duodecimo, a poetical work of the most splendid character, entitled "Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field, by Walter Scott, Esq." This highly interesting performance truly deserves, and certainly will receive, a much more than ordinary degree of the criticks' favour and the publick's attention.

Scotland has long been eminently distinguished for the splendour of her poetical reputation. Drummond of Hawthornden, Hamilton of Balfour, Thomson, Beattie and Burns have glorified their country by the most brilliant colours of imagination. To these *time honoured* names we may now add that of Walter Scott, who in every respect is most certainly their compeer. We run no risk by asserting, in the most decided tone, that his Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion will be perused with delight, as long as the Tweed flows, and as long as a Caledonian can be found

On the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay.

The writer of this article received the London copy of this exquisite poem on its first appearance, and by his suggestion it was immediately put to press by two gentlemen, his friends, who are quick to discern literary merit and anxious to gain for it the meed of publick favour. During the progress of this work through the press we enjoyed the opportunity which we did not abuse, of giving to the story of Marmion an Attention that seldom tired, and a Memory that was never satisfied. In fact during many a midnight hour, the magical genius of the Poet charmed every drowsy power away! and when we had for *five times* fairly tried his spell, our admiration was unabated by this reiterated experience of its potency.

On another occasion, and in a different department of The Port Folio, an ampler discussion of Mr. Scott's merits will appear. For the present, we shall only say that, in our deliberate opinion, nothing since the days of Dryden and Pope has appeared of a poetical cast which has a higher claim to the attention of the present

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* Anglice, *Bank bills*.

and of future ages than Marmion. The interest of the story, the melody of the verse, the picture of national manners and individual character, the beauties of the imagery and the most dazzling glories of invention all conspire to challenge for this work a bright and durable reputation.

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a passage from one of the authour's introductory epistles. It is addressed, to his friend James Skene, Esq. and is fertile in those charming images, which will find their way to the heart of every reader:

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recals our summer walks again,
When doing nought,—and, to speak true
Not anxious to find out to do.
The wild, unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topick changed,
And desultory, as our way,
Ranged unconfined, from grave to gay,
Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too,
Thou gravely labouring to pourtray
The blighted oak's fantastick spray,
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante, by name, 'yclepd the White;
At either's feet a trusty Squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous each other's motions viewed,
And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud,
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head,
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossomed bower, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the Summer's bowers:
Careless we heard what now I hear,
The wild blast, sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beamed gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunned to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he, whose absence we deplore,
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer missed, bewailed the more,
And thou, and I, and dear loved R——,
And one, whose name I may not say,
For not Mimosa's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
In merry chorus, well combined,
With laughter drowned the whistling wind
Mirth was within; and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

IMPRESSIVE LESSON;

and almost the last words of a gentleman exalted in rank as well as literary reputation, who died a few years since:

"I have lived fifty years, have passed through various situations in life, and have, for the most part, kept what is generally called good company; I have associated with Kings, and the companions of Kings; I have been generally esteemed a fortunate man, and, as you all know, have had my share of honour, profit, and enjoyment; I have not, as *some* of you know, been without my afflictions.

"But of all my pleasures and comforts, none have been so durable, satisfactory, and unalloyed, as those derived from religion; in all my pains and disappointments, nothing has given so much inward support as Christian consolation; even now, at that awful moment, which sooner or later you must all experience, when I am on the point of being called into the presence of my Maker, I feel that nothing but the strong assurance of a blessed Mediator and Advocate, could enable me to bear up under the terrours of death.

"Let these thoughts, my dear young friends, be never wholly absent from your minds; whenever

any rash man, whether a free-thinker, a reformer, or a modern philosopher, shall endeavour to shake your belief on these points, by argument, by sneer, or by laughter, reply to them as I have frequently had occasion to do:

"Sir, I acknowledge the strength of some of your positions, and the ingenuity with which you support them; I do not, I will not deny, that the system to which I profess myself a devoted pupil, has its difficulties; but, as it is the business of a Christian humbly to adore, rather than to call in question the unfathomable depths of Providence, let me ask if *your hypothesis* is wholly free from difficulty?

"But, whether I am mistaken or not, is now wholly out of the question, I have made up my mind, and am resolved to trust my present and future salvation on Christianity; I find it replete with such excellent doctrines, so powerful in its effects in correcting our conduct, and purifying our hearts, and such an unfailing support in the various and severe trials of human life, that I am resolved never to part from it.

"Under such soothing convictions, you have too much humanity as a man of feeling, and too much politeness as a wellbred gentleman, to persevere in your attempts to deprive me of that which I value beyond all the treasures of the earth."

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A poem of much promise, entitled "The Powers of Fancy," we have duly received, and we assure the Friend, who has destined it for The Port Folio, that he shall not be disappointed. The publication has been postponed, not from any scruples with respect to the value of the work, but because we have many prior claims to satisfy. The impatience of an authour is extremely natural, but cannot always be immediately relieved. In such desperate cases, the patient must be content with such palliatives and lenitives, as that d—nd doctor, the Editor, can prescribe.

The witty articles in The Monthly Anthology, for the last six months, have not escaped our attention. We shall take an early opportunity to notice with applause the levity of Wit, and the gems of Genius. No periodical work, that has ever appeared in the Capital of New England, is comparable to The Monthly Anthology.

MERRIMENT.

An officer in battle, happening to *bow*, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier, who stood behind him: "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by his politeness."

Lee Lewis, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," to *kill game* on my manor, but myself, and I'll *shoot you*, if you come here again."—"What, said the other, "I suppose you mean to make *game* of me."

Bayle says, that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret, with which she is entrusted, except one—and that is *her own age*.

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